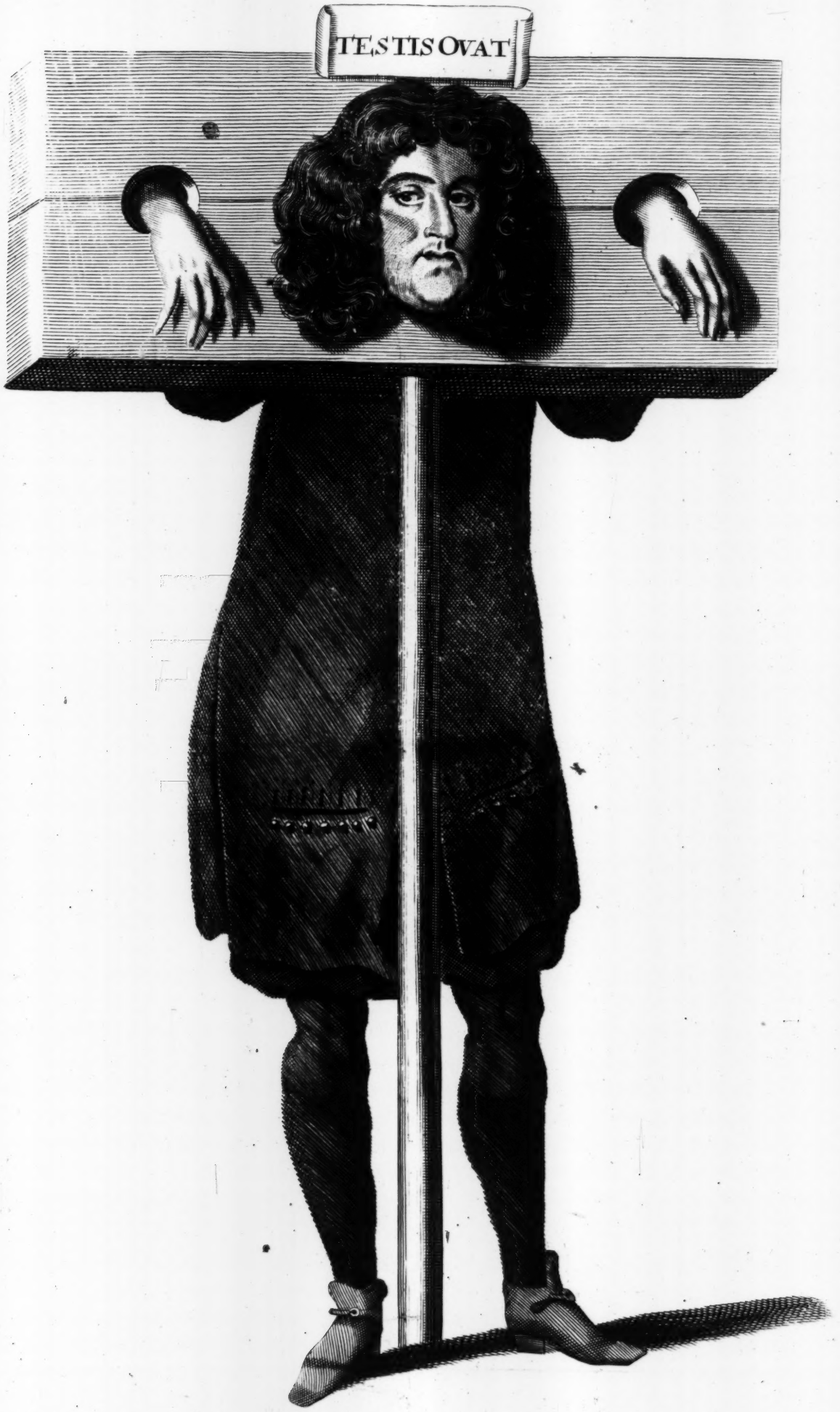

Titus Oates, *Anagr.* Teſtis Ovat.

TEſtis ovat falſæ fruitur dum Crimine linguæ,
Et referens Sceleris præmia Teſtis ovat.
Teſtis ovat, plorent liceat tria Regna, doloris
Author quam Sicco lumine Teſtis ovat.
Teſtis ovat quòd Ïerna perit, ruit Anglia, vires
Quod minuit proprias Scotia, Teſtis ovat.
Teſtis ovat lætus magnos disjungere Fratres,
Et pulſo è Patria Caſtore Teſtis ovat.
Teſtis ovat nocui dum pœna plectitur inſons;
Ebrius innocuo Sanguine Teſtis ovat.
Teſtis ovat; falſæ ſed qualis ovatio linguæ;
Qui quod iniquus, ovat, quam malè Teſtis ovat.

Thus rendred.

PAid for his Crimes the Perjur'd Witneſs ſwears,
And ſhews what for rewards his falſe Tongue dares.
Swears till three Kingdoms mourn; whilſt o'er the prize
Our Witneſs triumphs with relentleſs Eyes.
Swears on till *Ireland* periſh, *England* fall,
And *Scotland* in one common Funeral.
Swears ſtill, dreadleſs of Hell, nor fearing Heaven,
Till the great *TORK* be from his Countrey driven.
Wrong'd Innocence by Perjur'd Witneſs dies,
Who drunk with guiltleſs Bloud ſtill ſwears and lies.
Then ſince our Witneſs has this hardned face,
Let the falſe Wretch the Pillory diſgrace.

London, Printed for *J. Hindmarſh.* 1685.